THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Choice Poetry.

THE STARS SINK ONE BY ONE FROM SIGHT.

The stars sink one by one from sight,
No trace of them we find.
They vanish from the hour of night,
And none is left behind
Alone,
And none is left behind!

The sun goes to his ocean-bed,
In his rays each cloud is tinted red;
He wraps them round his crimson head,
And hastens none behind
To mourn
And hastens none behind.

The beautiful and gifted dead,
The noblest of our kind,
Have cast their World aside and fled,
And we are left behind
Alone,
And we are left behind.

The old dear friends of early time,
Hearts round our hearts entwined,
Have faded from us in their prime,
And we are left behind
To mourn,
And we are left behind.

Fair stars, sad sun, for ever gone,
For whom no tears have pined,
We, too, are driving back in vain,
Fast we are left behind
Alone,
Fast we are left behind.

Oh! dear ones, hasten on to us—
Our race, it can not wind;
That we may with you be blest—
Though we be left behind
Alone,
Though we be left behind.

Mother Tennessee's Magazine.

Original Novelet.

CLARA MORELAND:

OR,

ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF "VIOLA," "CLEMENT AND FLORETTE," "FEMALE SPY," "ROMANE DU PONT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

THE BROTHER.

The first of October, of the year of our Lord 1845, found me a guest of the Tremont House, for the goodly city of Boston, in the Old Bay-State. I may add—for I had been confined to my room for some two weeks with a touch pain from a couple of flesh wounds received in a recent skirmish with a party of Texan brigands, who had attempted my purse and whole and the rare Bruton, while in the act of making my escape from the Alamo fortress, the head-quarters of a notorious villain, combiner, cheaters, known as Count D'Estang. The reader who has been so unfortunate as to encounter, (I hope him to decide which,) as to peruse a portion of my narrative, in the shape of "VIOLA," will readily understand to what I allude, but in order to refresh his memory with the past events of my career, I will state those before whom I now appear for the first time as making a brief sketch of the early recorded of my adventurers, I will here transcribe a letter, which about this period I wrote home to my worthy parent in Virginia.

"DEAR FATHER:—

"In my last, dated at New Orleans, you will recollect I made some mention of a very eccentric traveling companion, by the name of Hadley, who, from the time we docked on one night at a tad in Sandwiches, remained acquaintance on the boat at Louisville, and kept me company down the river, and I think I also added, that we had in contemplation a trip to Mexico, for the gratify curiosity and have some adventures. Well, we have not been to Mexico as yet—but we have had some adventures to entertain us, if any one perseverance, I

Something evidently preyed upon the mind of Clara, and I somehow felt that I was connected with her sorrow. Had she really promised her hand to Warneliff? and did she now regret it, and yet fear to make it known? Or had the inconsiderate step been forced upon her by the entreaties—it might be commands—of those she feared to disobey, and who were governed solely by worldly motives? Yes, something had evidently gone wrong, around which her peculiar conduct had thrown an air of mystery that perplexed me in no common degree.

But much as I took this mystery to heart, I had no idea of making any attempt to satisfy my curiosity, by inquiring into the real facts of the matter. No! Could such a step be taken by me—her own lips had said it—there was no hope—and it only remained for me to go forth and endeavor to forget that we had met. This I felt I could never do; but I could depart from her fair presence; and this I resolved to do at the earliest moment that would allow of my taking leave without giving room for any specu lations as to the cause.

With these and many other like reflections, I worried myself to sleep—little recking the vanity of human calculations, what the eventful morrow had in store for me. It is well for us that we know not what a day may bring forth

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Foreign Letter.

REMINISCENCES OF ENGLAND

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Visit to the Factories of Birmingham, Manchester and Sheffield—Mechanics' Warehouses.

I am not quite sure that descriptions of workshops and factories, of mechanical and manufacturing operations are in general very interesting, except to the reader whose occupation gives him a special interest therein; and to him the letter-writer may expose his ignorance, by undertaking to describe what is better understood by his reader than by himself. When he thinks he is telling something novel, he may only draw forth the quiet, contemptuous "Pish!" he might have seen that without going so far!" That may very well be, for our cities spends weeks and months in night-seeing abroad, ignorant of what there is at home worth seeing. In truth, the place where he has spent the best part of his life, is not unfrequently the place of whose wonders he is most completely ignorant, for there he has a world of cares to keep him busy. It is especially hazardous to write a letter for a Philadelphia paper about manufactures in Manchester, Sheffield and Birmingham; for where a vast population like that of Philadelphia are engaged in such a variety of manufacturing, one is quite apt to know his business ignorance of home pursuits, so as odd to the information of his readers. With this long preface, I take the risk, and shall fill no other space this week with an account of what I saw in these three great towns. I will not begin with Gillott's pen establishment, for a much better description than I could hope to give, will be found in Dickens's Household Words. Let, moreover, I was unsuccessful in my efforts to obtain an entrance, being a matter of no small difficulty. My first visit in Birmingham, was to the most extensive establishment for the manufacture of German silver and Britannia ware, for for electro-plating and gilding. I passed through a number of very fine rooms, and had my eyes dazzled with silver and gold ware, with the specious metals in all degrees of thickness from the solid article, to those upon which the thinning had shed a delicate coat, which often be the most experienced could pronounce upon by pure material. The attendants was quite polite in showing what he had to sell, but very plainly indicated that we could not buy, which I made. Having no wish to [illegible] I was a looking at the pressure show. I went to no establishment for the manufacture of articles in variety of *papier maché*. You are at first rather at into a room where a great array of finished articles is exposed for inspection and examination. I could not, if I wished, mention a hundredth of the articles, but I believe there was nearly every thing, from children's toys to ele gant tables; things designed for every room in a house, from the cellar to the garret, from the parlor to the kitchen. There they were, staring you in the face, in all the brilliancy of paint, pearl and polish. When you have satisfied your curiosity, the showman rings a bell, and presently a pleasant looking, well dressed, gentlemanly young lady makes her appearance, and intimates that it will give her great pleasure to show you around, and explain to you the process by which, from raw ordinary looking paper they build up these beautiful and useful articles With half the sense she showed, she could have been competent to this service, for, to make the raw material, the workmen merely leave a sheet of thick, compact, but fine grained paper gives it a coat of adhesive varnish, and the adds another sheet. He then commits his sheets, and leaves them under heavy pressure for twelve hours, that they may establish a close acquaintance with each other. He then adds four more to the group, until the platoon is sufficiently thick for his purpose. He then makes a material harder than stone knife-edge, capable of being cut, gauged and filed, and so treated as to be color equal: inactive.

After this, a thick coat of black varnish is applied, and the roughness reduced by the energetic application of sand paper, in the hands of women. The next process is also entrusted to females. The varnish is brought to a still smoother surface to a smoothness and brilliance fit for the painter and the gilder. This is done in the bare palms of women's hands, and many a fair lady on the hands of the intendant, to[illegible] the inefficiency of sand paper. An intermediate ment has been added. Most of the articles are to be inlaid with pearl. Still they remain in the basic hands. With a stencil's fine point the workwoman applies a varnish, that then shuts off pearl, and so the figure she wishes to display grows beneath her hand. Some gilding has now be required; if so, the article passes over to another woman, who, with pencil, pen[illegible] and takes the form required. If, however, something in the shape of landscape, portrait, whether of man or beast, or flower, is to be added, it goes into the hands of a young man, to whose pencil efforts the figure or sketches are elaborated. These it is finished, and having made the rounds of the factory, it comes at last, into the show room. Notwithstanding the care with which every thing was explained to me, I was not permitted to reward my fair with the fee which in England is so customary. The name of the company failed to learn, who leaves the show room without being importer, by the purchase of something of the exorbitant price, that would pay several ordinary fees, will have better luck or more resolution than I had. I need say nothing about the large glass house that I next visited, nor of the manifold operations that ensure the five hundred workmen I saw there—such things can be as well seen in Kensington, or at Naglee's Point, though probably not with the zest.

Having seen as much of Birmingham as one time permitted, I found myself an hour or two before sunset at the door in Sheffield. It was the last of the week, and the workmen had been released from the workshops, and very many of them had repaired to the dram-shops. It was matter night, and the streets were filled with a noisy crowd, apparently about equally divided between purchasers of edibles and purchasers of belligerent. In the two extremes of smoke and bad humor, I found Sheffield enjoying an unenviable pre-eminence.

As the people of England have not yet become industrialized into the Connecticut belief that there are suffer working days in the week, I wanted to factories the next day. The following morning I found the most extensive cutlery establishment in Sheffield, and perhaps in the world, the Washington Works, conducted by George Wostenholm.

This name is familiar to most of the razor and razor generation in America, for immense boxes of bearing fingers are annealed in such quantities with the first experimental acquaintance with the sharpness and excellence of his tools.

Here more knives are turned off for the American market than from any other, and perhaps than from all other factories in England. On other days than Mondays, upon which my entrance brought me there, about five hundred men are employed, and exclusively on materials America. Knives and razors are very respectable articles, considered by themselves, but in the long range of Lilliputian machinery shops, each tenanted by a single individual, who has provided right, this need interest in a rasp, an awl, and some lines of steel. If it fails to hit on to work upon the blades, by which friction is fastened the appellation "pen-knife," instead of steel consists of this knife. If, however, works for the Far-West, and makes a knife to kill a bear or man, he deals to the raw material in larger manner. A few well-directed blows upon the heated rod, brings it to the form desired; as you have seen at a village blacksmith shop, the fiery rod transformed into horse-shoe nails. From the first forge the blade passes to another, where it is roughly improved into form, and the well-known, semi-phoenetic symbol, I.X.L. is stamped upon it. Now, it is tempered, and the degree of hardness required for the particular office which it is expected to fill, is known by the color that it bears when taken from the heated oil. Next its face must come to the grindstone, and it leaves the manner of sparks bright as a new coin, but too rough to send to fastidious Americans. A finer wheel adjoins the one it has just left, and upon that it receives the finishing touches, which entitle it to the distinction of a "perfect blade." But leaving it, let us ascend to another part of the shop, where the handles are made. The workman that will show you how he uses out the wood, bone, the hone, the ivory, or the pearl, into the proper shape, and with a few very tasteless little drill in hand, pierces it for the rivets; another, with a smaller instrument, bores for the springs, which are made below; a fourth has nothing to do but to drill the thin plates that separate the parts of the handle from the blade; another, then, works only with the tiny tips, and perhaps a fourth having finished the handles, another still combines them all into the finished knife.

If you have any curiosity in that direction, you may see what a thousand pocket knives, with blades a foot in length, in all stages of growth, from the time they leave their fierce cradle, till they have received the sharpness and polish of maturity. Almost everything is done by hand, and the workmen, who are now busy at work to-day, has passed through a score or two of knives before it has reached years.

In an entirely different part of the establishment you see a number of men, with pencils in hand, covering certain parts of the knife or razor blade with a varnish; then they dip it in aqua fortis, and, after remaining in it for a short time, you see the bright surface flashing out from the corroded and less brilliant margin in some word or sentence, or it may be in some device. In all that you see in these works is practical work. Here, manufacturing for show—their show rooms are in America.

If you wish to be in a blaze of light as daylight as flashes from Damascus blades, go to the show-room of J. Rodgers & Son, where the finest cutlery is displayed. There are all there all varieties of fancy cutlery, of the most admirable finish. After you have sufficiently attended your curiosity on the articles, the gentlemanly salesman will probably direct your attention to the razor-blades, for the best in the year 1851, and having a blade for every year of the era. It is, however, a community of razors, for several hundred are displayed. Less curious, but much more beautiful, is the case containing Lord's Exhibition razor-blades in its dimensions, but so exquisitely finished, that a microscope detects no flaw in it. Each of the twenty-four bears Lord's signature, and is ornamented with etchings of exceeding beauty, portraits of Shakspeare, Milton, and other worthies native to Europe or America. The heads are the finest specimens of engraving on steel that I have ever seen. The portraits of Sir Queen and Prince Albert exhibit a delicacy of touch, and a fineness in the light, that leave you nothing to ask for.

Sheffield manufactures great numbers of optical instruments, principally of an ordinary kind, spectacle glasses, common telescopes, and magnifiers, but I saw several instruments of rare curious, but much more beautiful, is the case containing Lord's Exhibition razor-blades in its dimensions, but so exquisitely finished, that a microscope detects no flaw in it. Each of the twenty-four bears Lord's signature, and is ornamented with etchings of exceeding beauty, portraits of Shakspeare, Milton, and other worthies native to Europe or America. The heads are the finest specimens of engraving on steel that I have ever seen. The portraits of Sir Queen and Prince Albert exhibit a delicacy of touch, and a fineness in the light, that leave you nothing to ask for.

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Clippings.

[Liberality] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1853.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 Sansom Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Ladies' Note &c., are printed in a superior manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

Congressional.

SENATE.

On the 20th the resignation of Mr. King from the Senate of the United States was presented and accepted.—Mr. M. Atchison Wise, a son of the late gallant officer, after some unimportant business, the Senate, on motion, came was taken up. Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, Mr. Mason, and others argued against Mr. Dixon's right to the seat; and Mr. Bell stated confidential information. A vote being taken, the seat was declared to be Mr. Dixon's by 27 ayes to 21 noes. An act was accordingly passed.

On the 21st Messrs. Adams, Atchison, Badger, Bell, Brodhead, Bright, Clarke, Dawson, Dodge of Iowa, Dodge of Wisconsin, Douglas, Fish, Harper, Hale, Jones of Tennessee, Mallory, Mason, Pearce, Rusk, Sebastian, Smith, Spruance, Sumner, Underwood, Upham and Wade.

Nays—Messrs. Barnard, Borland, Chambers, Dixon, Downs, Fitzpatrick, Gwin, Houston, Hunter, Johnson of Georgia, Pratt, Seward, Shields, Soulé, Toucey, Weller.

On the 22d Mr. Sumner presented the petition of the American Peace Society, in favor of the arbitration of national disputes.

Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, gave notice that, at an early day, he would move to take up the bill for the relief of Mr. Brooke introduced a bill, repealing all acts now in force, imposing duties on imports, which was referred.

The joint resolution authorizing the President to confer the rank of lieutenant-general on Gen. Scott, in the execution of that office, was then taken up.

Mr. Bell said that by the 1st section of it, as an act of justice—military justice—to Gen. Scott, the Committee on considered it, and reported it the reasonable one that was before the Senate. It proposed to confer upon Gen. Scott the rank of lieutenant-general, which was intended for him.

Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, said that, as the rank was intended for him, he would not object to it, but he would not be silent. Blame in war was as much a part of the Presidents 'et its part in the honors. He did not believe that any one person was entitled to more honors than another.

Mr. Bell replied to Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, that he was not aware that he had manifested any hostility to Gen. Scott. He had not intended to do so. He was not aware that he had done so. He had not intended to do so. He was not aware that he had done so. He had not intended to do so. He was not aware that he had done so. He had not intended to do so.

Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, said that he was not aware that he had done so. He had not intended to do so. He was not aware that he had done so. He had not intended to do so. He was not aware that he had done so. He had not intended to do so.

Mr. Bell replied to Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, that he

Selected Poetry.

ANGELINE.

[In the Congressional Burial Ground at Washington is a tombstone, on which is inscribed only the word "Angeline," and these words, "Other refuge have I none."]

"Other refuge have I none!"
Carve ye this on my head-stone.
This, and my poor name alone,
Angeline—plain Angeline!
And I would no less attend
To fleshless life of an end—
Neither gone death's trunk, nor garble,
Simply on the milk white marble
Write—and should some lone bird wight
The same unburn, in the gray
O the ghostly eve, I pray
That ye drive it not away!
But permit ye mono moan
Unaware for the dead—cold stone—
"Other refuge have I none."

II.

"Angeline!" no other name.
Adjunct, maternal, fame,
Style nor title, do I claim;
Maid or matron, all the same.
Of what lineage, how allied,
Tell not to my shame or pride—
Gloom the branch, or gravity mossed.
It must fall, while death I affront,
Comes in Spring and Autumn frost.
Grim no date for either fate—
God's design is consummate!
Die we early, die we late,
No, of me be nothing told,
Save that here, where I lie later,
"Other refuge have I none."

REMEMBRANCE.

BY R. M. C.

Think of me kindly when we're asunder
I ask no more; I ask no sorrow sigh!
When the heart that loved them thinks no more
Let not its memory in thy bosom die.
Forget the errors that have caused thee pain,
Think only of the virtues that you knew
When kindest memories in your heart remain,
Life's ever our pathway to sweet blossoms throw

Think of me kindly when my life is over
Think of me kindly when I'm dead and cold
The poorest mourner that my hearth tore,
The wounded spirit had its sorrow told!
There lowest—then alone—when loud—your hand
Pressed in the hush that made those sorrows cease—
When o'er all stones, at His kind command,
Kneeling with them messages of hope and peace!

What grief hath touched me that then has not felt?
What joy hath blessed me that then hast not shared?
Our hearts together as one heart exist
Our love together is one to be required
And when those two have all been stopped in twain
To reunite up in that earth no more
Still let their gentle memory remain
Think of me kindly when my life is over
Knickerbocker.

Selected Articles.

SKETCHES OF CUBA.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THE CUBAN GENTLEMAN.—Owing, it is said, to early mendicity, as children, into the miserable license of plantation life, to excessive smoking and to intermarriage of the same race through many generations—to these causes more than to climate—the Cuban gentlemen are the most effeminate aristocracy in the world. There seems hardly an exception. They are so universally small that a promenade in Havana is like taking a walk in Lilliput—or so it strikes you if you come suddenly upon an Englishman or an American of the ordinary size, and are thus reminded of the contrast. At the same time there is a curious freedom from pettiness in the movements and manners of these little gentlemen—an apparently entire absence of any consciousness of being smaller than other people. They feel large—and they walk, sit, look and gesticulate, like large men seen through an inverted opera-glass. It would appear as if Spanish dignity and courtliness of mien could not die out, nor lessen with the other diminutions of the blood. I recollect being struck with it, in Galway, on the West coast of Ireland—peopled centuries ago by a colony from Spain—where not only the architecture is still Spanish and very unlike the rest of Ireland, but where the dark eyes and hair, crossed with the mercurial and large stature of another race, are even less expressive of their origin, than satisfactoriness of movement and general dignity of style and demeanor. We are here, probably, whether it will stand the solution of the blood-test, all of us earth, it more subtle in the root, less limited, accumulating and indigo finely maternal Yankee—and I hope Cuba will not be ever civilized, but will remain, as far Spanish, for the next 500 years, as to give a fair chance to the experiment.

As to the apparent character in the physiognomy of these pocket edition copies of the old spanish cavaliers, there seems to be little or no variety. They all look torpidly indolent, passionate and cold, at the same time that their features are very finely cut, and the expression is that of mingled pride, courtesy and refinement. Superciliousness enters very rarely into them, and I have noticed some isolated instances of it whenever the turned-down shirt collar considered to be the invariable indication of a Yankee appeared on a public promenade. Whatever republicans there may be for us among the Creoles in other parts of the island, there is no trace of it to be found in the wealthy and sallow lip of the Havanese gentleman brought up in America. A coffee-house is a republican, the walk of which we passing was from the exclusiveness of its guests a key to the feeling most prevalent in the metropolis.

A CUBAN VOLANTE.—I will extend this digression to explain that a volante is a far more essential article of luxury than the private carriage of any other country. The lady riding in it in as much seen as in her own shut at home—always later-headed, usually bare-shouldered, and with her jewels upon her neck and wrists, but for spread, and for her undisguised readiness to be admired. The body of the volante is that of the old-fashioned chaise, with side seats carrying properly and two persons. The shafts are so long, and the horse with the position of a necessity of him as to be afraid, that a dynamic explosion as a precaution against a man's losing both horse and carriage in the next earthquake. It is master to look too generally as to outline, to a law of Havana, which forbids any horse to be ridden without his tail tied to the saddle; the most shore arbiter, therefore, having the flowing appendage braided and tightly drawn around and fastened to his side. The object of the law, I believe, is to see to the passengers, in those narrow streets, from being splattered by the whisking of the monstrous tails in muddy weather; but if aware of fly time, besides giving the spirited creature a most magnificent and intelligent appearance. He contributes as the streets—not long since would seem, however, for mechanical economy of draught, it is the easiest and most luxurious conveyance in the world, as well as the best bed for display in a public promenade. The Cuban ladies will be slow to give up the costume for any carriage that may be introduced by the invading Yankee.

I should add a curious fact to the luxuries of the volante. It and its horse do not keep the same society. At the end of the drive the horse goes to the stable—but the volante to the front parlor—it is literally an article of entering room furniture. It will even stand to look in the shafts, it occupies one side of the reception room in which she lady of the house receives the presence there is eminently thought creditable to her pride and style of the family. It is partly owing, perhaps, to the fact that the house in this climate are built with a large court the centre of which is open to the sky—a part of the only portraits hung on the walls around the roofed apartments, and it is the inhabited portion of the house—the part where company is to be carried and where the piano stands the most table and piano, crochet and flower stand. And the ideal thing of parlor and carriage house seems the more surprising to the Stranger, when he looks in from the street every house being open to the observation of the passers-by. And now the passers-somethings with which the front second and the body-coated visitor is received by the lady of the house, and by her relative. In point of fact it is a sort of coat of arms upon which an embellishment to which a house is hallowed for the street.

THE DREAD OF LIFE.—How few are at the close of life one say, "I have lived and enjoyed the pastimes to which I looked forward when a boy?" In the onward progress of life, how often, in some stray moments of thought and reflection, do sighed find ourselves inquiring, "Is this as I hoped—here I must say down?" And the answer is invariably—No! We look forward in childhood—and only look forward—without reflection. We build up gorgeous palaces, we sketch a career of life all gold and sunshine—what are they, and where are they, when years usher us?

THE DEAD WIFE.

BY MRS.—DENISON.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other earthly bereavements are trifling. The wife! she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven, she who is so loaded, so necessary! In laboring for the precious ones around her—better, hitter is the tear that falls on her cold clay! You stood beside her coffin and think of the past. Her life, her pastimes, friends and acquaintances join in admiring the graces, sense and good nature of such a her companions as marry early or make wealthy matches, while the romantic creature who has been denied the "good offer" is held up as an object of reprobation, and her accident is condemned as the height of folly. Is not be what the mental, moral or personal qualities of the aspirant may be, if he is able and likely to be a "good provider," a woman is bound to accept him, and consider herself very fortunate. I once heard it seriously said, in discussing the merits of a rumored match, that a "swindler might make a very good husband—decidedly better than no husband at all."

It is painfully indicrous to observe the various manifestations of this spirit—to see with what unwearied politeness fathers and mothers plan the agreeable to unremarkable young men whose chief merit consists in their being backlors—to not young widows eagerly inviting their female friends to come often and visit them socially and bring their beaux; and, above all, to see the total indifference with which most ladies treat those who are not marrying men. They seem to consider it perfect waste of time to talk to an old bachelor or married man, and prefer listening to the most vapid nonsense from the lips of one whom their imagination can convert into a lover, to joining in a rational conversation which can have no effect upon the hymeneal prospects. Those persons, from a sense of propriety, endeavor to conceal their match-making plans under the veil of hospitality, but such some will boldly. For instance, an old lady with a daughter fish below, not long since asked a friend of mine, Mr. A., to invite some bachelors to her family residence. Mr. A. named several gentlemen of his acquaintance, and finally, fancying him that her eldest daughters were marriageable, added the name of Mr. B., who was a minister of a small house and a couple of negroes.

Mr. A. accordingly introduced Mr. B., who on his first visit spent the evening, and was very much pleased with the company. "Miss Fine is a Romeo, but a cool, modernic man, he let several days elapse without repeating his visit, whereupon the old lady, getting anxious, sent a note to the office of Mr. A. to inquire why his friend had ceased to come and see her family. Mr. A. replied that it is he expected of women educated in such a school. They are almost certain to calculatingly flout accommodation, and therefore as conscientible only into matrimonial capital. They are taught to consider love a luxury for the wealthy, and to look upon the tender passion as a mere small talk, while more domestic appurtenances are generally neglected.

Some parents, however, belonging to the new school, whose motto is that the way—to a man's heart is through his stomach, and that a laughter imitated into the mysteries of the kitchen, in which case young men are frequently invited to dinner and tea, and occasionally, if necessary, of course, that certain dishes were prepared, if all of astonishment, approbation, and—by—my or our daughter." This ever anxiety to secure husbands, and especially rich ones, tended to the ruin of many a fair young creature, and to the ruin of many a fair young creature, and to the ruin of many a fair young creature, and